

NIGHT SWANS

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WHEN SWANS FLY AT NIGHT OVER OUR RIVER TOWN
CITY LIGHTS BOUNCE BACK OFF THEIR SNOWY DOWN
A GHOSTLY VEE POINTS DOWN STREAM
RIDING THE NORTH WIND A TRAVELING TEAM

I WONDER IF THEY PLAN TO FLY ALL NIGHT
CAN THEY LAND SAFELY ON WATER BY MOON LIGHT
TRUMPETING WINTER DOWN QUIET STREETS
TWINKLING LIGHTS UNDER BLACK DANGLING FEET

OVER THEM CYGNUS SPREADS STARRY WINGS
I SHIVER AT THE JOY SUCH A SIGHT BRINGS
I THINK ABOUT SUNLIGHT ANGLING THROUGH NIGHT
OFF THE MOON'S FACE TO A SWAN'S BACK IN FLIGHT

THEY PASS INTO DARKNESS OFF TOWARD TREMPLEAU
I LISTEN TO THE WIND HOPING MORE TRUMPETS BLOW
MY SPIRITS SOAR WITH MIGRATING BIRDS
I LISTEN BUT CYGNUS NEVER SAYS A WORD